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Miss Lottie Bank
3018-5th Street,
Tuscaloosa, Ala., U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 26734 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Frederick L. Jackson
Capt. C.A.C.

15 Feb 45
New Guinea

Dearest Lottie:

Well, I got here in New Guinea yesterday, and will have to wait till the 18th till Bert gets here. You don't know how thrilled and how I am living on air till he gets here. I was never at this base before, except to stop in the harbor a couple of hours last July. This is a nice place, and the people here that I was to contact sure have been nice to me. They are wonderful. I had notes from Col. Wilson, who talked to Bert, and those notes got me a ride all the way down on a plane, or planes, and now got me a place to stay till Bert gets here.

It is hot as the devil here, and I sure have been sweating the past few days. Have also lost weight since I left the 11th, as I miss a lot of meals when traveling on a plane. Right?

Went to a show, Holliday Inn, with Bing Crosby, last night, but I had already seen it in the states. I had to leave in the middle of the show to go in conference, but didn't care. Yesterday morning in Dutch N.G. on the way down here, I bumped into James Kissiah, 1st Lt., who is the son of your postman. He is on the way down here, also prior to going back to the states. He will be back before long. He looks good, tell his father, and sure has gained a lot of weight. He is in the Engineers, a good deal. Too bad about his brother getting it over in England, wasn't it?

Went over to the beautiful recreation hall this afternoon, and sat down in a beach chair, and fell asleep for a couple of hours, then read the rest of the afternoon. Tonight I am going to a show, Loretta Young and Alan Ladd in "Now and Forever". Have you seen it?

Well, when Bert gets here, we will shoot the bull for the whole 3 days I will be with him, and we both will write you a long letter. You know, it is funny, I am waiting for Bert for 4 days, travelled half the Southwest and Central Pacific and still he don't know that I am looking for him. A General was going to fly him down to see me, but he pulled out of the P.I. the day I got there. He wasn't supposed to leave for a couple of more days. He didn't even know that I was coming up there. A friend of his heard that he was there, and was coming down to the island I am on, and he just took it on himself to take me back with him. It sure was nice of him to do it, wasn't it?

That is all for now, so be good, and write soon.

Love,

Harold